

The Plan

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[Min Yoongi](#) | [Suga](#), [Jeon Jungkook](#), [Kim Taehyung](#) | [V](#), [Park Jimin](#) ([BTS](#))

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The Plan

by [rosiex](#)

Summary

In which Jeongguk and Yoongi just need a little push in the right direction.

This is a follow up to Sunday Morning and Worth The Wait. Could potentially be read as a standalone but some parts may make more sense if you've read the others. Just as a heads up, this part is mainly focused on Jeongguk/Yoongi.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Jeongguk has no idea what time in the morning it is when a loud yell tears him from his sleep, followed quickly by a heavy weight flinging itself onto his back. He lets out a pained oomph as his eyes shoot open. It's still fairly dark in his room and he can hear the light patter of rain against the window.

"Get off," he huffs, shimmying his body but to no avail, the figure sprawled out over him.

"That's not a very nice way to greet your hyung," comes the teasing voice that is definitely Jimin. He reaches his hands under the covers and pinches Jeongguk's sides, causing the younger to reach out blindly behind him, grabbing onto a wrist and squeezing tight.

"Ow," Jimin yelps though there's clearly a smile in his voice. "Okay, okay."

Jeongguk rolls over so that he's on his back, looking up at the far too energetic man straddling his waist. Jeongguk yawns pointedly.

"What are you doing on Tuesday night?" Jimin asks.

Jeongguk's eyebrows furrow slightly. "I have no idea. Nothing I guess, unless we have rehears-"

"We don't have rehearsal," Jimin cuts him off, grinning widely.

"Oh, right. Then I'm free?" He says the words hesitantly, worried by the excited gleam in Jimin's eyes.

"Excellent. Because it seems like the house is going to be empty, you know, apart from a select group." He wiggles his eyebrows and Jeongguk chuckles.

"Okay. Cool. It'll just be you and me and Tae and Yoongi..." He trails off the last name almost pointedly and Jeongguk arches an eyebrow.

"Yes, I did get who you meant by select group," he says because well, it was pretty obvious.

"Good," Jimin grins, smacking his hand down on Jeongguk's chest before abruptly standing up and leaving the room. Jeongguk blinks a few times, brain still slow from sleep, before he registers Jimin's voice calling from the stairs. "Get up, Seokjin's making breakfast."

Jeongguk sighs and stretches out his limbs, trying to shake off the

tiredness. He admits the thought of them all being alone in just a few days time has certainly helped wake him up a little. He listens to the rain outside, reminding him of the dreary weather that morning when he had first joined this *thing* they all have. Of all those wonderful first experiences. Being touched for the first time, experiencing the heat of a mouth on him, how it felt to have someone inside him. He shakes his head. Fuck, is he seriously getting turned on after hearing rain now? He really needs to sort his life out.

It's not a particularly rare occurrence to be set off by the smallest things, but he has to admit rain is a new one. Pretty much anything brings him back to thoughts of his hyungs, especially after last time. He struggles to resist thinking about how well Jimin sucked his cock or how suprisingly good it felt when Taehyung ate him out or how mindblowing sex with Yoongi was. He thinks after experiences like that it's perfectly understandable for his mind to drift occasionally during the day. Though he's not entirely sure why when he tries to fall asleep at night his mind is always drawn to the same memory, one of Yoongi's arms around him and a gentle kiss.

It's something of a lazy day today, nothing required of the members until a dance practice in the late afternoon. Jeongguk thinks that he should probably use some of the time to hit the gym, but Seokjin cooks all of them - aside from Yoongi, who's still sleeping - an amazing but huge breakfast, and after that moving more than a few metres seems like far too much effort. When Jimin suggests watching a movie instead it's an easy decision. The gym can wait until tomorrow.

Jeongguk, Hoseok and Taehyung all head into the lounge, Jeongguk immediately sprawling out on one of the couches with a smug grin, leaving the other two to sigh. Hoseok drops down onto the other couch, letting Taehyung pick the movie. He picks nothing too serious, some sort of gentle comedy by the looks of things, and it suits Jeongguk. It seems like something he can tune out of without missing too much. Once the movie starts Taehyung similarly sprawls out on the other couch, feet resting in Hoseok's lap. Hoseok rolls his eyes but doesn't say anything.

The film is about half way through when Hoseok falls asleep, a light snore coming from him. Taehyung and Jeongguk share an amused grin, however it's not much later when he hears the measured breathing from Taehyung that means he's dozed off too. To an outsider they would probably think the pair of them extremely lazy but with the insanely hectic schedules they have sometimes it's hard

not to give into the exhaustion when they have the chance.

About ten minutes have passed when the door to the lounge swings open and Yoongi shuffles in, looking bleary eyed. His hair is messy and his sweater sleeves are tugged down over his hands. He looks kind of *cute* and Jeongguk struggles to reconcile the image with the man who fucked him senseless a few weeks ago.

"Hey hyung," Jeongguk greets him, sitting up to give him space to sit down. He flops down next to him.

"Hey," Yoongi yawns, before giving him a small smile. Jeongguk smiles back and then they're both just kind of smiling at each other until Yoongi eventually turns away. Jeongguk clears his throat a little and focuses his gaze back on the movie. Jeongguk feels like they've had a fair few of these odd little moments recently, though it doesn't mean it's any easier getting his heart to stop racing afterwards despite the many times it's happened.

"What are we watching?" Yoongi asks sleepily, stifling another yawn. Jeongguk guesses he's been at the studio last night and is probably running on a few hours of sleep right now.

"Ah, I'm not sure of the title. It's kind of funny," Jeongguk tells him. "Though far too much of the soppy romance stuff."

Yoongi chuckles lowly. "Sounds awful."

He doesn't say anything and they both look at the screen. Jeongguk's not really sure why they're still watching it given it's not really to either of their tastes and the movie picker is asleep, but they don't get up to change it. And Jeongguk knows he definitely doesn't want to get up when a few minutes later he feels Yoongi's head rest against his shoulder. It feels nice, warmth radiating through the fabric of his shirt, strands of Yoongi's hair tickling his neck. It's quite unusual for Yoongi to sit like this with the members but he doesn't protest. Jeongguk's not sure what possesses him to do it but not long afterwards he moves his hand to rest lightly on Yoongi's thigh.

Jeongguk doesn't really know why it should feel like a big deal. He sits like this with Taehyung and Jimin all the time. The pair of them have no real concept of personal space and in all honesty he really doesn't mind their comforting touches. But something about this feels different. It makes him swallow hard and he can hear Yoongi's breathing get a little shallower. He glances over at the other pair, just checking they're still asleep. Not that they're doing anything they

shouldn't.

Well, that is until Yoongi lifts his head off of his shoulder. Jeongguk turns to look at him. Yoongi's eyes travel over his face with an uncertain gaze before dropping almost imperceptibly to Jeongguk's lips. Jeongguk's breath hitches. Shit, Yoongi's so close. He can feel his breath against his skin. This is really fucking risky, even more so than the time he pounced on Yoongi in the laundry room, but it doesn't stop him closing the gap and pressing his lips to Yoongi's.

Yoongi presses back with a soft touch, letting their lips linger together. He takes Jeongguk's lower lip between his own before giving another chaste kiss. He pulls back slightly, looking into Jeongguk's eyes somewhat nervously. Yoongi glances over at the other pair before bringing their lips together again. This time his tongue darts out and Jeongguk willingly parts his lips. They kiss slowly, their tongues rolling sensually together, the kiss deepening as Jeongguk tilts his head more. God, he loves how Yoongi kisses. He feels like he could drown in it.

Yoongi pulls back slightly again, gaze flickering over Jeongguk's face before leaning in once more. They kiss so slowly, exploring each other's mouths with the deep, smooth slides of their tongues. Despite the achingly slow pace Jeongguk's heart is pounding and his fingers grip Yoongi's thigh hard, trying to ground himself as an overwhelming *want* floods through him. Yoongi's hand lifts to his jaw as they kiss and Jeongguk has to resist the urge to make a small sound at the tender touch.

They get utterly lost in the kiss, but not so much that they don't hear the sound of approaching voices from outside the room. They keep kissing for as long as possible, not wanting this to stop. They break apart only when they hear the sound of a hand on the door handle. Jeongguk swiftly moves his hand into his lap as they both fix their stares on the TV screen and try to calm their breathing, heavy despite the slow pace of the kiss.

"Hey, Kookie, do you feel like coming with me to the gym shortly?" Seokjin asks as he steps inside the room.

Jimin follows him in, looking down at the phone in his hand. He glances up and catches sight of Jeongguk and Yoongi who are no doubt looking a tad flustered. Jeongguk tries to ignore the way the corners of his lips twitch up into the hint of a smirk.

"Um, yeah, sounds great, hyung," Jeongguk smiles at him.

He feels like any plans for a lazy day have gone out of the window with Yoongi's kisses. He's not entirely sure he'll be able to be in the house all day without jumping Yoongi very publicly; burning off some energy at the gym actually seems like a good plan right now.

He tries to avoid Jimin's gaze as he walks into the room. The next thing he knows Jimin's flinging himself down on top of Taehyung, hands grabbing at his sides to wake him up. The sudden attack means that Taehyung kicks out right into Hoseok's lap and then Hoseok is most definitely awake too, yelping in pain. Jimin's laughing while apologising and Taehyung's looking confused, while Hoseok is bent over in agony. Jeongguk's glad of the distraction that the commotion provides as he quietly makes his exit from the room. His eyes meet Yoongi's for the briefest of moments before he darts through the door and that one look alone manages to send a pleasurable shiver through him.

Jeongguk throws himself into his workout at the gym that afternoon, Seokjin having to step in and advise him to slow down so that he's not too exhausted for their dance practice later. He throws himself into the dance practice too, trying to burn off some of this nervous energy that seems to have seeped into his being. He never would have thought that a few kisses would set him off so much but he can't shake the thoughts of how his body felt on fire as Yoongi kissed him, of how the smallest touch on his jaw felt so electric.

Tuesday comes around painfully slowly. He doesn't get much chance to be alone with any of them, their daily schedules becoming very full. On Tuesday the busy day is something of a blessing, as it stops the minutes and hours from dragging on too horribly until the evening. Once they're back at the house Jeongguk takes up residence in his room, watching some TV shows mindlessly on his phone.

His heart nearly leaps into his mouth when his bedroom door opens. Taehyung pokes his head around the door, grinning wide when he sees Jeongguk. He lets the door swing open more and he walks in, leaping onto the end of the bed. He sits there and grins, his hand rubbing over Jeongguk's calf through the material of his sweatpants.

"What are you watching?" he asks.

"Ah, nothing really," Jeongguk shrugs.

"Yeah, I love that show," Taehyung says and it makes Jeongguk laugh.

Taehyung crawls up the bed until he's laying next to Jeongguk. He leans down, nuzzling his nose against his cheek before pressing a wet kiss there. He keeps going, peppering his face with sloppy kisses until Jeongguk's pushing him off.

"What the fuck," he laughs and Taehyung grins down at him. He keeps looking at the younger and it morphs into a softer smile. He leans down and kisses Jeongguk properly, a gentle touch of their lips together. Their tongues meet briefly, a light, playful glide against each other, until they register the voices making their way towards the room.

"Can you at least give me chance to put a shirt on?" Jeongguk hears Yoongi grumble.

"What's the point when we're just going to take it off?" Jimin replies brightly.

They enter the room, Jimin in front and pulling behind him a stumbling Yoongi. Yoongi's shirtless, the zipper of his jeans undone, and his hair is fluffy and damp. Jeongguk thinks he looks good. Really good.

"So eager, hyung," Taehyung smiles as he takes in Yoongi's appearance.

"More like I was accosted after my shower," Yoongi replies.

"You were taking far too long getting dressed," Jimin huffs. He walks over to the bed, planting a kiss on Jeongguk's cheek that hasn't already been attacked by Taehyung. "Which is entirely pointless anyway. Isn't it, Kookie?"

Jeongguk starts at the sudden mention of his name. "Uh, yeah, I guess," he says uselessly.

Jimin laughs lightly and presses another kiss to his cheek. He seems to be fizzing with energy, as does Taehyung, and Jeongguk notices the way they keep looking at each other. Yoongi seems to notice that something's up too.

"What's with you guys?" he asks. "You're being even weirder than normal."

Despite his suspicious tone Yoongi allows Taehyung to take hold of his wrist and pull him onto the bed. A few droplets of water drip down

from his hair, running over his temple. Taehyung reaches out and catches them with his thumb before his hand falls to rest on Yoongi's thigh, pressing a playful kiss to the damp spot.

"Nothing," Taehyung promises. "We're just excited."

"If you say so," Yoongi replies warily, still a little unsure of the pair of them. Jimin slides behind Yoongi, dropping his head to run his lips along the curve of his shoulder.

Jeongguk looks over at them and feels a warmth spread through him watching his friends. He's so glad that he stumbled across them that first morning and that they welcomed him into this so easily. His gaze stays on Yoongi a little longer, taking in his form. His soft smile, his warm eyes that can so easily switch in intensity, his slender body; Jeongguk loves that he knows how it feels to touch him, to be looked at by him; how it makes him feel to receive those smiles.

His thoughts are interrupted when Jimin reaches out and tugs him over. He presses their lips together, a tender kiss that he can feel Jimin smiling into. Jimin's still smiling when he pulls back. He seems to catch Taehyung's eye over his shoulder. Jimin squeezes his thigh gently before kneeling up and leaning over Jeongguk's shoulder, drawing Taehyung into a rougher kiss. Jeongguk ducks between them and without him they immediately press up against each other as they kiss.

Jeongguk looks over to where Yoongi sits, watching the two of them. He crawls over to sit behind him. His lips touch to the nape of his neck and his hands cautiously slide around Yoongi's chest. His skin is warm and Jeongguk can smell the slight musk from his shower gel as he nuzzles his face into his neck. He kneels up more so that he can lean over and plant a kiss to the top of his jaw next to his ear

Yoongi twists his head back and Jeongguk leans forward further, enough so that their lips can meet. The angle is awkward but it really doesn't matter. Yoongi's arm lifts up and bends behind him, fingers curling into Jeongguk's hair in order to deepen the kiss. Their tongues entwine, a slick, deep slide together. It feels so good to be able to kiss him again. Jeongguk's hands rub across Yoongi's stomach. He feels like his skin is prickling, itching for more of Yoongi. He presses up closer against him.

"On my lap, Kook," Yoongi breathes into the kiss. Jeongguk adores how worked up Yoongi already sounds. He doesn't take much more

persuasion, scrambling around Yoongi. He catches sight of Taehyung working his mouth up along Jimin's neck, Jimin's hand in his hair. Taehyung pulls back just long enough to shoot him a devious smile. Jeongguk feels like he should maybe be worried but he's soon distracted.

Yoongi's hands immediately reach out to Jeongguk, taking hold of his hips and pulling him towards his own. Jeongguk straddles him, settling down into his lap. His arms snake around Yoongi's shoulders as their mouths quickly find each other's again, opening easily to allow the wet glide of their tongues to continue. Jeongguk can't resist grinding down into the older man. He knows they've only just started but he's shockingly hard already, kissing Yoongi turning him on immensely.

Yoongi's hands hold his hips tighter, aiding his movement. Jeongguk feels him sigh into the kiss along with the way he pushes back up against Jeongguk. He rolls his hips back down, his own gasp at the sensation letting Yoongi lick further into his mouth, tasting him thoroughly.

The faint sound of Jimin's voice murmuring to Taehyung reaches his ears but he can't hear the words. Jeongguk unwinds his arms from Yoongi's shoulders. His hands fall to his chest, roaming across the heated skin, memorising how he feels beneath his fingertips. He needs to feel more, always more. He pulls off his own t shirt and brings their chests close, revelling in the feel of bare skin pressed together. One of Yoongi's hands lifts to stroke across his back, fingers scratching lightly down his spine before returning to his hip. Jeongguk arches into the touch, kisses him harder.

He gasps gently in surprise as he feels a mouth kissing against his shoulder blade, another hand rubbing gently at the small of his back. He's unsure if it's Jimin or Taehyung. One more kiss gets pressed to the same spot.

Yoongi's mouth keeps working his, Jeongguk getting that familiar feeling like he could go on doing this all night. Jeongguk's fingers twist into Yoongi's hair, threading through the damp strands, cradling his head as they kiss so needily. Somewhere in his clouded mind Jeongguk swears he hears the sound of a door closing.

They immediately break apart. Shit, Jimin's got it wrong again and one of the other members is back. They share a panicked look before it quickly registers that the room feels different. Jeongguk looks

around, utterly confused when he sees that Jimin and Taehyung are no longer there. Yoongi looks similarly puzzled, his brow furrowing.

"Why did they go?" Jeongguk asks, dumbfounded.

The crease in Yoongi's brow smooths a little in realisation and he brings a hand up to cover his face. He groans. When he speaks his words are muffled against his palm.

"I think they are making a point of leaving us alone."

"Why?" Jeongguk asks, ignoring the way his stomach leaps.

It's a long time before Yoongi answers, his hand still covering his face in embarrassment. "Because they know I like you."

The confession hangs heavily in the air. Jeongguk's heart is pounding so hard he's surprised he's not suffered a coronary. Yoongi likes him? He knows that Taehyung mentioned the first time that Yoongi found him *cute*, that Yoongi may have a bit of a thing for him, but said no more than that. Jeongguk knows that he feels something different between the two of them; that much is obvious. Knows that he craves Yoongi in a way that's apart from the others. But he didn't think that Yoongi would *like* him in that way; inexperienced and clueless as he is.

He lifts his hand to touch to Yoongi's, carefully prising it away from his face. Yoongi looks somewhat mortified by his confession, as though he can't quite believe what he's admitted. He seems full of nerves and it's so different from the calm, controlled Yoongi that Jeongguk so often sees. He keeps his fingers holding Yoongi's.

"Sorry," Yoongi mumbles, his gaze not meeting Jeongguk's. There's a flutter deep in Jeongguk's chest at his shyness, his expression that's almost upset at what he's said. "I just mentioned something to the two of them once and" - he sighs - "they haven't let it drop."

"That you think I'm cute?" Jeongguk grins, remembering what Taehyung told him that first morning after he'd kissed Yoongi.

"I, uh- something like that," Yoongi flushes, hand leaving Jeongguk's to scratch absently at the back of his neck. Jeongguk can't wipe the grin from his face.

Jeongguk takes the lead this time, leaning in and kissing Yoongi softly. "I think you're cute too, hyung," he murmurs against his lips.

He can't stop smiling as he says it, the silliness of the statement making him feel giddy. Yoongi seems to take a moment for it the words to settle.

"Oh god, this is so awkward," Yoongi laughs lightly, returning his kiss. Their lips brush together, mouths parting just slightly to allow their tongues to meet in a gentle touch. Jeongguk's fingers rub lightly against the side of Yoongi's neck, Yoongi's thumbs doing the same against Jeongguk's hips. Their tongues meet once more with soft, almost cautious kisses, before Yoongi speaks again. "Seriously though. I think more of you just than that you're cute."

Jeongguk pulls back. Yoongi looks somewhat in pain from having to talk about his emotions like this and he keeps his gaze firmly averted.

"You think I'm hot too?" Jeongguk teases. He receives a sharp slap on his thigh for it.

"Stop making this even worse," Yoongi groans, scrunching his eyes closed. "I mean like- I think I might possibly have feelings for you. Sorry."

Jeongguk's stomach somersaults. He can't really believe what he's hearing. Yoongi's eyes are still closed. "Why do you keep saying sorry?" he asks.

Yoongi's eyes flutter open. "Well, this thing with all of us, it's just meant to be fun. I don't want to go and complicate things."

Jeongguk contemplates his words. He does really enjoy what he shares with the three of them and fun is probably an understatement given all the amazing things he's felt. He's loved being with Taehyung and Jimin. He's not going to pretend as though he's not thoroughly enjoyed their touches and their kisses, like they've not made him feel incredible too, but it's obvious that he has an undeniable pull towards Yoongi. It's been there since before this all started, when his thoughts always drifted to Yoongi out of all the members. How he knew straight away who he wanted for his first proper kiss, who he wanted to lose his virginity to. He's not entirely sure what Yoongi's offering him here, if he's offering anything at all, but he's eager to find out.

Jeongguk doesn't say anything, just kisses him. His stomach twists with the easy way Yoongi's mouth opens almost instantly under his. Their tongues roll against each other's, deep, passionate, and slow. He slides forward in Yoongi's lap, legs coming round to wrap loosely around the small of Yoongi's back. Yoongi's hand moves to his back,

keeping him close, while the other reaches up into his hair, twisting gently into the strands. Jeongguk tries to express that he's not mad at Yoongi for having feelings for him; rather, the complete opposite. He does it through the way that he kisses him, meaningful and thorough. He hates discussing his emotions just as much as Yoongi seems to, so hopes that he manages to get across how he feels. Show that he likes him too.

He feels Yoongi's hips roll up slowly into his, a measured, deliberate movement. Jeongguk grinds back down onto him with the same rhythm. All he can hear in the room is their heavy breathing, muffled by their kiss. It's a bit unusual to Jeongguk's ears; he's so used to hearing sounds from the others in the background. He realises it's a strange set up when it's actually odd *not* to have other people watching him in this situation, but it's enjoyable in its own way. In the intimacy is brings from it being just him and Yoongi. The thought of it, of just the two of them, makes him shiver in excitement.

He feels Yoongi's hands slide down to his ass, lifting him just slightly in order to lay him back on the bed, Yoongi then crawling up him so that their bodies are pressed together fully. Their hips continue to rub together, searching out that delicious friction from each other as their mouths resume their deep, heated kiss with more urgency. Jeongguk moans quietly into it, his body writhing under the elder's . Yoongi's hands slide along Jeongguk's arms, pinning them above his head with one hand as his mouth drops to Jeongguk's neck, licking and sucking with fervour. His other hand rubs along Jeongguk's side, feeling the heated skin. Jeongguk knows that he could easily overpower Yoongi in a moment, being by far the stronger out of the two, but he kind of loves Yoongi taking control like this.

"Yes," he gasps softly as Yoongi's teeth scrape over a sensitive spot.

"Fuck, can't get enough of you," Yoongi breathes against his neck. "You have no idea how much I want you."

His words send a heat spreading through every inch of Jeongguk. He's pretty sure Yoongi would never have said these things in front of Taehyung and Jimin. He arches up into Yoongi, his head tilting back to let his mouth work more at the skin of his neck.

"God, Yoongi," Jeongguk groans. "I want you too. Fuck, so badly."

A low noise is drawn from the depths of Yoongi's throat at Jeongguk's comment. His lips leave Jeongguk's neck, claiming his mouth in a

fierce kiss. Jeongguk kisses back with equal vigour, the ardent slide of their tongues together leaving them both entirely breathless. Yoongi breaks the kiss, beginning to form a rough trail of kisses down Jeongguk's chest. Jeongguk watches him, how his lips glide over the rapid rise and fall. He's breathing so heavily, overwhelmed by Yoongi. It's been passionate between them before, but he feels like something's changed slightly in Yoongi now that they're alone, like he's letting himself go even more.

Yoongi mouths at his abdomen, kissing across the muscles there. His fingers hook into the waistband of Jeongguk's sweatpants, lowering them down his legs. He drinks in the low whine that escapes Yoongi when he realises that Jeongguk's forgone underwear. Well, it just got in the way when it came to this, Jeongguk had reasoned earlier.

Yoongi certainly seems to appreciate the lack of an extra layer. He gazes over his cock greedily. Jeongguk's so hard, aching to be touched. Yoongi's hands stroke over Jeongguk's sides, mouth teasingly placing kisses over his hipbones, along his inner thighs, but he seems as impatient as Jeongguk because he's soon where Jeongguk wants him to be.

Jeongguk recalls Taehyung telling him how much Yoongi loved having his cock sucked as they watched him and Jimin that first morning, but he's never actually seen him doing it for anyone else. He supposes he has only really been with them all twice; there's probably lots that's gone on which Jeongguk never saw before he joined. It's makes him feel a bit odd to think about so he doesn't.

When Yoongi's mouth first touches his cock Jeongguk inhales sharply. He trails his lips along the length, letting his tongue follow, and the wetness on him is so good. His tongue swipes at the head, only giving him a moment before wrapping his lips around and sinking down. A drawn out, throaty moan falls from Jeongguk as the heat engulfs him, relieving the near painful ache of his cock.

"Fuck yes," he sighs, toes curling into the sheets as Yoongi swallows him down. He tentatively reaches out to tangle his fingers in the soft strands of hair, still ever so slightly damp to the touch. Yoongi hums contentedly at the feeling, the vibration feeling so good on Jeongguk.

Yoongi's mouth works his cock with short, quick strokes, his head bobbing at a speed that gets Jeongguk panting within moments. His hands reach round to Jeongguk's ass, actively encouraging the younger to thrust up into his mouth. Jeongguk hesitates, not being

used to it, but Yoongi's hands are insistent.

Jeongguk lets his hips start to rock up into him, matching his rhythm to meet when Yoongi's mouth slides down and shit, it's total bliss. He fucks into that wonderful wet heat, Yoongi moaning around his cock as he does so. It's incredible. Jeongguk feels like the warmth of his mouth is rippling up from his cock and trickling into every muscle of his body. His head falls back onto the covers, one hand dropping from Yoongi's hair to rub against the back of his neck.

Jeongguk can't help but notice the difference from Jimin. Jimin was talented, extremely so, changing the pace and the pressure expertly, revelling in the teasing and build up. Yoongi feels different; it's more urgent, more eager, like he *needs* it just as much as Jeongguk does. It's messier, saliva gathering at the corners of Yoongi's mouth as he takes Jeongguk's cock, and it's maybe not as skillful as Jimin, but fuck, Jeongguk thinks he might just love this more.

Yoongi pulls off a little to catch his breath, his tongue still lathering up Jeongguk's already wet cock, licking at the drops of precome. He lets his hand take over momentarily, sucking lightly on the tip before nuzzling against the crease of Jeongguk's thigh.

"God, you taste so good," he sighs, mouth working the skin beneath his lips and getting Jeongguk squirming at the ticklish sensation. Jeongguk has to admit that he really doesn't understand the fascination his hyungs have at the taste of each other, finding it passable at best but nothing he'd ever particularly enjoy. However he's not going to argue if Yoongi likes it.

"Yoongi," Jeongguk whispers.

He doesn't say anything more but Yoongi knows what he wants. He climbs back up his body, smiling down at him softly. They hold each other's gaze for a few moments before he leans down and brings their mouths together. They kiss at a slower pace, calming themselves after the intensity of the blowjob. Jeongguk tastes the hint of himself on Yoongi's tongue, and while he doesn't love the flavour, he does admit he gets a bit of a kick from how it mixes with the sweeter taste of Yoongi, from knowing how it got there.

Yoongi props himself up on one elbow, looking down at Jeongguk as his hand strokes across his chest. He seems entranced by the movement of his fingertips over the lines of muscle. Jeongguk watches him dazedly, the way Yoongi's eyes follow the path of his fingers so

intently. He can't quite explain it but there's something that's shifted ever so slightly without the presence of the others. It feels so much closer. Yoongi catches Jeongguk looking but he doesn't shy away, just holds his gaze. He leans down, brushing his lips against Jeongguk's, the younger's head instinctively following his up when he pulls back.

Yoongi stands up next to the bed and Jeongguk just stares. He looks amazing. His hair is in disarray, from both Jeongguk's hands and the fact it hadn't dried properly after his shower. His chest is covered in a thin sheen of sweat; his jeans are still unzipped from when Jimin had first dragged him into the room half dressed, the denim low on his hips and arousal evident beneath it. His lips are shining and red, the result of going down on Jeongguk and their heated kisses. Jeongguk thinks he's never seen anyone look hotter.

Yoongi sees him looking and glances down at the bed, seeming bashful under Jeongguk's concentrated stare. Jeongguk moves to sit on the edge of the bed, his thighs trapping Yoongi's legs. His fingers hook into the belt loops on his jeans, tugging him closer so that Yoongi's abdomen is within easy reach of Jeongguk's mouth. Jeongguk leans forward, pressing a delicate kiss to the expanse of skin.

"You look incredible, hyung," Jeongguk murmurs against him. He's not normally one for dishing out compliments but he feels it needs to be said. He can feel the way Yoongi inhales at his comment, chest moving under his lips. Yoongi's hands cradle Jeongguk's jaw, causing the younger to look up at him. Yoongi's forehead is slightly creased, as though he's almost pained from what he's feeling.

"Fuck. Kook, you're-" Yoongi whispers, sentence hanging unfinished. Jeongguk keeps holding his gaze until Yoongi seems a little uncomfortable so he drops it, returning to press more kisses onto his stomach. He almost misses it when Yoongi ends the sentence with an almost inaudible whisper. "You're beautiful."

Jeongguk freezes slightly at his words. He almost wants to scoff at the compliment because come on, this is *Yoongi*; he doesn't fucking talk like that. It's ridiculous and romantic and over the top. But he doesn't. Yoongi's voice was raw, honest, and instead of making Jeongguk laugh at such a soppy declaration it makes something clench wonderfully, seated deep inside his chest. People have called him cute and adorable and, more recently, hot, but *beautiful*? He doesn't reply, just wraps his arms around Yoongi, resting his cheek against his chest to let him know he appreciates it. He imagines the older man's face is burning from his words.

"Fuck me. Please," Jeongguk whispers, unable to hide the need that is clear in his words. It might seem like a crass response to Yoongi's comment but he hopes Yoongi gets it. He desperately needs to feel the other man, to have an outlet for these feelings that are surging irrepresibly through him; to get lost in each other.

Yoongi responds by removing his hands from Jeongguk's jaw, fingers immediately tugging down his jeans and stepping out of them. Jeongguk shifts back on the bed to lie down, body feeling like every nerve is on edge with anticipation. Yoongi's underwear is quickly removed too and Jeongguk takes the brief moment he's afforded to drink in the sight of Yoongi before the elder is covering Jeongguk's body with his own.

The feeling as their cocks slide together is heavenly. Yoongi rolls his hips down, creating a slow, smooth friction that gets Jeongguk gasping. They fall back into another kiss and Jeongguk feels a bit like he's made up for his years of kissing inexperience just in their last few encounters alone. The way their lengths rub slickly against each other is making their kiss stutter somewhat, the sensations shooting through Jeongguk. He needs more.

"Please," he mutters against Yoongi's lips, urging him to move things on.

"Do you, uh, have anything?" Yoongi asks between kisses.

Shit. Jeongguk completely forgot that they are in his room. As much as he may have become a wound up ball of horniness lately, he's not yet got to the point of keeping lube in his room on the off chance that something happens.

"No," he replies, his response coming out as something like a whine, which is pretty embarrassing.

"Fuck," Yoongi says, though it doesn't stop him kissing Jeongguk hard once again, the younger struggling for breath when he pulls back.

"Maybe we can just-" Jeongguk starts to suggest not using anything, even though he knows that it's a beyond stupid idea. He's pretty sure that would be unbearable.

"No way," Yoongi replies.

He sits up, Jeongguk following him. He looks around the room desperately as though something might magically appear and

Jeongguk stares at him, confused, when Yoongi chuckles and shakes his head.

"They are fucking ridiculous," he mutters, though there's the line of a smile on his lips. He crawls up the bed, kneeling up as he grabs the small bottle that's been left on the bedside table. Jeongguk's cheeks flush a little at the boldness of Taehyung and Jimin's approach. He's not too bothered though, especially now it means he gets to feel Yoongi inside of him.

Jeongguk kneels up, meeting Yoongi in the middle of the bed, and pulling him close, bringing their mouths to meet straight away. Yoongi moans into the kiss, dropping the bottle and gripping Jeongguk's hips as their tongues delve into each other's mouths. God, Jeongguk's so fucking turned on by Yoongi, just *craving* him like nothing else.

"Shit, Kook," Yoongi pants into the kiss when Jeongguk inches back slightly. He doesn't get a chance to say anything more before Jeongguk's mouth is back on him. They kiss hungrily, Jeongguk unable to tear himself away despite knowing what he wants. Eventually Yoongi does it for him.

Jeongguk lets Yoongi position him. He holds onto the headboard, facing the wall and kneeling up. Yoongi's hands run all over his back, along his sides, tracing down his arms. Jeongguk writhes impatiently and it doesn't take Yoongi long to give in. Jeongguk hears the pop of the bottle and Yoongi's mouth at his shoulder. A few moments later he feels a slick finger pressing inside of him. He moans louder than what is normal for just one finger but the build up and anticipation and finally getting what he needs- fuck, it's just too much.

"Do you like how I touch you?"

Yoongi breathes the question against the crook of his neck. His question sends a shiver right through Jeongguk. It's assertive but genuinely curious at the same time, that intriguing mix of confidence and vulnerability that Jeongguk's come to see more of from Yoongi. Yoongi kisses where he speaks, tongue lapping gently at the skin.

"Yes," Jeongguk sighs, Yoongi's finger sliding back and forth tantalisingly inside of him. "You make me feel so good."

Yoongi hums lowly, content with the answer, as though needing to hear that confirmation from Jeongguk. "I like making you feel good," he says quietly, biting down softly at the spot on Jeongguk's neck.

Jeongguk feels like he's stepped off a ledge too quick, the way his stomach is dipping at Yoongi's words, things Jeongguk's not sure he would have voiced in front of the others. Yoongi adds a second finger and Jeongguk gasps softly, biting down on his lip at the pleasurable stretch. His eyes close as he focuses on the sensation.

"Oh god, Yoongi" Jeongguk whispers.

He pushes back onto Yoongi's fingers, enjoying how Yoongi opens him up, fingers going deep but always slow and steady. He fingers him with the languid rhythm, Jeongguk rolling his hips back down to meet the slide. Yoongi kneels up, leaning over Jeongguk's shoulder to reach his lips. Jeongguk turns his head to make it easier. Yoongi takes his lower lip gently between his teeth, the tip of his tongue licking against it lightly before claiming his mouth in a deep kiss, one that only breaks when Yoongi's searching fingers find what he's looking for.

"Yes," Jeongguk groans loudly, hips jerking at the touch. His voice is much breathier when he next speaks. "Yes, Yoongi, there."

Yoongi's head pulls back, positioning himself so that he can focus entirely on how his fingers work Jeongguk. It's clear that he knows exactly what to do to turn Jeongguk into a trembling mess. He slides and crooks his fingers with precision, letting them circle his prostrate so lightly that the pleasure is teased slowly from him before stroking it dead on. Yoongi seems to have moved his focus from stretching Jeongguk to simply making him feel good. Jeongguk's forehead rests against the wall, his mouth hanging open as Yoongi continues to send waves of hot pleasure soaring through him. God, it's almost too good. If Taehyung was talented with his tongue then Yoongi's a genius with his fingers.

"Fuck, Yoongi, I- You" he gasps, unable to stop himself pushing back down into the feeling. "You're gonna make me come," he says, almost in a whine.

"Don't you want to come?" Yoongi asks sweetly, almost teasingly, and these new sides to Yoongi Jeongguk keeps seeing really aren't helping the situation.

"Want to come with you inside me," Jeongguk pants out.

He drinks in the groan his statement elicits from the other man. Almost straight away he feels Yoongi's fingers leave him and he bites back the whimper that threatens to escape him at the loss. The next thing he feels is a third finger pressing inside him, the stretch feeling

good if a little painful. Yoongi goes more carefully with the addition and Jeongguk can't fail to notice he's avoiding hitting that spot. It's hugely frustrating but Jeongguk's kind of glad; he doesn't want this over when it's hardly started.

"I-I'm ready," Jeongguk stutters when the burn fades to the dullness. Yoongi keeps working him a little more as he speaks.

"How do you want to do this, Kook?" he asks softly.

"Can I ride you again?" Jeongguk asks tentatively. Yoongi exhales sharply.

"Fuck. Yes. Of course," Yoongi replies breathily, and Jeongguk never gets bored of hearing how worked up he can make him sound.

Yoongi's fingers leave him and he feels a soft kiss pressed to his shoulder blade. Jeongguk turns around to face Yoongi. He's sitting in the middle of the bed, breathing heavily, eyes fixed on Jeongguk and full of an obvious want. Jeongguk picks up the lube and, feeling more confident, sets about coating Yoongi's cock with the liquid. He loves how Yoongi feels in his hand, hot and throbbing, and he loves how Yoongi's eyes flutter closed briefly at the contact.

Jeongguk straddles him, holding onto the base of his cock as he slowly guides Yoongi into himself. Yoongi swallows thickly, watching Jeongguk almost in awe at the unexpectedly forward move from the younger. Jeongguk's jaw clenches as he sinks down into Yoongi's lap, the increasingly familiar fullness overwhelming him. He stops when Yoongi's fully buried inside of him, needing some time to adjust. Yoongi does his best to distract from the discomfort, kissing along Jeongguk's neck through his own shaky breaths.

"You feel so good," he whispers in between the press of his lips. "So good."

Yoongi's fingertips circle lightly against Jeongguk's lower back, trying to relax him. Jeongguk's hand reaches into Yoongi's hair, curling into the strands as Yoongi's mouth sensually works his neck, his other hand clinging onto Yoongi's back. Eventually Yoongi's lips find their way to Jeongguk's own, melding them together in a tender kiss. They stay like that, lips pressed together, slightly parting and breathing each other in, until Jeongguk slowly starts to move his hips. Yoongi's breath flutters over Jeongguk, turning shakier.

It feels amazing. Jeongguk's been craving this ever since their last

encounter; the wonderful fullness, feeling Yoongi so hard and pulsing inside of him. He takes it slow, rolling his hips and enjoying how every inch of Yoongi's cock rubs against him. Yoongi's arms wrap around his back, holding him close as he rocks into the older man.

"Fuck, I love this," Jeongguk breathes, the words slipping out without him really being aware of it. Once they register on his ears he feels somewhat embarrassed about such a blunt admission, but it quickly disappears when he looks at Yoongi. Yoongi smiles at him, open and happy, and it fills him with a different kind of warmth.

Yoongi buries his face into the crook of Jeongguk's neck and Jeongguk's glad of it, feeling bashful holding his gaze for too long. He starts to move his hips a bit more powerfully, soon starting to lift them up and down with shallow movements. He places his hands on Yoongi's shoulders to help him balance, leaning down to bring their lips together. Yoongi's tongue flicks out, parting Jeongguk's lips to allow their tongues to curl around each other. Jeongguk starts to lift up more, sinking down hard into his lap as they kiss, trying to angle his hips to hit that spot deep inside. Yoongi's hands leave his back to drop to Jeongguk's waist, aiding his movements until he next slides down and oh *god*, Yoongi hits it dead on.

Jeongguk moans wantonly into the kiss, feeling the rumble against his mouth as Yoongi echoes it. He lifts himself up again, kissing Yoongi hard as he slides back down, the burst of pleasure shuddering through him. He keeps moving like that, making his movements longer and deeper, hitting that spot again and again. Fuck, he's needed this so, so badly. Eventually Jeongguk has to break the kiss, the sensations overwhelming him. His head falls back, jaw going slack, as the feeling of Yoongi floods him. He keeps moving his hips, thighs trembling as he rides Yoongi harder.

"God, Jeongguk," Yoongi mutters, sounding almost stunned.

It draws Jeongguk's gaze forward. Yoongi leans back so that he's propped up on his elbows, looking up at Jeongguk. Yoongi's lips are parted as he watches him, seemingly mesmerised by his movements. Jeongguk feels like shying away under such scrutiny, but the way Yoongi looks at him, so intense and obviously turned on means that he enjoys it, revels in being the focus of Yoongi's attention like this. He closes his eyes, eyebrows furrowing slightly whenever Yoongi hits him just right, biting down on his lower lip. He feels the pressure burning low in the pit of his stomach, gradually building with every movement.

His eyes open and he dazedly takes in the way Yoongi's still watching him, looking every inch as wrecked as Jeongguk feels. One of Yoongi's arms reaches forward, the other keeping his upper body propped up, and he holds onto Jeongguk's hip. He aids his movements but at the same time starts to thrust his own hips up to meet each downward slide. It's so good, so fucking good, and Jeongguk groans loudly at the increase in intensity. He pushes his hair back from his forehead, the strands sticking to the sweat that's gathering there. His body feels weak and he leans forward, bracing his arms either side of Yoongi. He captures his mouth in a messy kiss with no finesse and too much tongue but what they both want right now.

Yoongi fucks up into him with hard strokes, both hands now gripping Jeongguk's hips. Yoongi lays back more against the bed, Jeongguk's body following him down. Jeongguk's cock rubs against Yoongi's stomach, precome smearing over the heated skin, and the friction adds one more element to the sensations surging through him. He doesn't want this to end but he was so close before and he can feel his release edging nearer and nearer.

"So close, Yoongi" he mumbles into the kiss.

He feels Yoongi's fingertips dig tighter into his hips and then Yoongi's abruptly pulling him up and off of him. Jeongguk barely has time to catch his breath after the sudden loss of contact before he realises he's being pushed onto his back. Yoongi hastily climbs over him, throwing one of Jeongguk's legs over his waist and bending back the other before lining himself up and quickly sliding deep inside Jeongguk once more.

Jeongguk gasps at the feeling, arms scrambling to cling onto Yoongi's back as the elder starts fucking him, going hard and deep and giving Jeongguk everything he wants, everything he needs. Yoongi's moans hit his ears and it's a delicious sound, one Jeongguk can't get enough of hearing, loving how his voice cracks as the feeling seems to get too much.

"Kook, fuck, are you-"

"Yes, yes," Jeongguk whispers, nodding rapidly. "Keep going, please, ke-"

His words falter as Yoongi's hand wraps around his cock, replaced by a long drawn out moan. Yoongi works him with quick strokes, tightening just right as he continues fucking him at the same fast pace.

Jeongguk's gasping, breath coming faster as he feels that pressure building in him, growing more and more, so close to his release.

"Oh fuck, *fuck*."

Yoongi's voice breaks as he thrusts hard into Jeongguk. Jeongguk watches as Yoongi's eyes scrunch closed, his mouth hanging open as he comes deep inside the younger. A look of utter bliss passes over his face, overwhelmed by the feeling, and it's so incredibly hot.

The pressure inside Jeongguk builds too much at the sight and suddenly that intense pleasure courses through him. Jeongguk's gasping, his limbs trembling and fingers clawing at Yoongi's back as he comes unbelievably hard, orgasm wracking his body.

Jeongguk sinks back into the covers, feeling like he could melt into the mattress as the deep satisfaction trickles into every muscle of his body. Yoongi collapses down onto him, heavy on top of Jeongguk but the younger doesn't want to move him. Yoongi's breathing heavily, their chests rising and falling rapidly, skin sticking together.

"Oh my god," Jeongguk whispers.

He flings his forearm over his eyes, trying to calm his breathing, his other hand resting at the nape of Yoongi's neck. Yoongi doesn't respond other than pressing his lips to the crook of Jeongguk's neck. Jeongguk's not sure how long they stay there like that, slowly letting themselves recover. Once they've calmed down they remain like that. The gentle rhythm of Yoongi's breathing is soothing, lulling Jeongguk into a contented drowsiness. He doesn't want to move Yoongi but he's starting to feel quite heavy on top of Jeongguk and his shoulder is beginning to ache. Jeongguk tries to carefully slide out from underneath him but as soon as he does Yoongi looks up and rolls off to the side.

"Sorry, just..." Jeongguk trails off, wriggling his shoulder a little in explanation why he's moved. Yoongi nods, chewing thoughtfully on his lower lip.

They both don't quite meet each others eyes. Yoongi stares down at the covers. Jeongguk feels like there was something quite different about this time, other than the obvious fact that it was missing Taehyung and Jimin. It had a sort of *openness* to it that Jeongguk hasn't encountered before; a greater intimacy. And of course, Yoongi's confession still buzzes around Jeongguk's mind. That he likes him. Has feelings for him. Jeongguk kind of thinks that they should be talking

about it or something but despite being the older one, Yoongi is quite as terrible at discussing emotions as Jeongguk is. Thankfully after a while, however, Yoongi, makes an attempt.

"So, uh, that was really- nice," Yoongi says hesitantly.

Well, it's something Jeongguk supposes. He chuckles a little at the massive understatement. "Yeah. It was."

Yoongi exhales, clearly finding this quite torturous. "So, you know, if you wanted to do it again maybe..." he trails off.

"Sure. Just give me a few more minutes to recover," Jeongguk replies, breaking the awkwardness with his teasing. He receives a whack on the arm for his efforts which only serves to make him laugh.

"You're the fucking worst," Yoongi huffs, though it's easy to detect the smile in his words.

Jeongguk rolls onto his front, his side nudging Yoongi's. He looks down at the other man whose gaze seems to be focused anywhere but Jeongguk until eventually it settles on his face. There's a lot of emotion in Yoongi's eyes; nervousness, something like hope, and a deep affection that Jeongguk can't fail to miss. He feels that familiar tightening in his chest as Yoongi gives him a small, soft smile. Jeongguk returns it, holding Yoongi's gaze a moment longer before leaning down and bringing their lips together in a tender kiss. Their mouths part just slightly, tongues meeting in a gentle touch that belies the desire behind it. Yoongi's hand lifts up to cup Jeongguk's jaw, holding him still as they kiss leisurely.

"I'd like to do this again," Jeongguk eventually says, quiet against Yoongi's lips. He can feel Yoongi's smile pressing into him as they kiss once more, Yoongi's thumb stroking against Jeongguk's cheek as they do so.

Yoongi's smile is still there when they break apart, awkward and happy. He blinks a few times and looks down, his hand still on Jeongguk's jaw. "I did mean what I said earlier though. I don't want to make this complicated," Yoongi says softly. He shrugs lightly. "I totally get it if you want to just keep things fun."

Jeongguk's forehead creases. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," Yoongi sighs. His hand drops down to the covers. "This is all new for you. The sex and, well, *everything*. If you want to just have fun

with the other two, I'd understand." He pauses, inhales deeply. "Cause if we did this again- I think I'd kind of want it to just be us."

"And it's not fun with just us?" Jeongguk asks.

"You know what I mean," Yoongi says.

Jeongguk does get what he's trying to say. At least he thinks he does. Yoongi doesn't want Jeongguk to feel like he's missing out, that his experiences might be somehow less by only being with Yoongi. It's certainly not how Jeongguk feels. He's loved being with Taehyung and Jimin; they've taken care of him, given him new experiences that he'll never forget. He's had so much fun with them even just in those two sessions they've shared, and he's certain he could have a lot more fun with them still. But what he's experienced with Yoongi- there's a deeper feeling pulling at him. It's still fun with Yoongi, of course, but there's something more there, he's sure of it. Something worth exploring.

He doesn't say any of that of course. Instead he simply says, "I'm cool with just us."

Yoongi looks up and catches his gaze. He smiles widely. "Cool," he echoes.

Jeongguk's smiling too when their mouths meet again, a light, excited glide of tongues in a kiss that's full of promise. Jeongguk's not really sure what happens next; exactly what *just us* encompasses. He doesn't push for an answer though, happy to see where things go. This is taking Jeongguk into completely new territory yet again. Though from the way Yoongi grins at him, shy and excited, when they break apart, he wonders if he might not be the only inexperienced one when it comes to feelings more complex than straightforward sex.

When laying there smiling at each other starts to become a bit too weird they fall back into kissing again. Jeongguk still feels like he's smiling a lot into the kiss though, and it seems like Yoongi is too. They kiss unhurriedly, their tongues rolling lazily together as they lay side by side, taking it slow in the knowledge that there will be more opportunities for this in the future. Yoongi pulls them closer together, Jeongguk's thigh slipping between Yoongi's, chests pressed together, while their hands roam across the warm skin of each others sides and backs. Jeongguk gets utterly lost in it, no idea how much time has passed when a quiet knock sounds on the bedroom door.

"Who is it?" he calls out warily, unsure whether they failed to notice

one of the other members returning to the house while caught up in their kisses.

"It's fucking Kumamon," Jimin scoffs from the other side of the door. "Who do you think it is?"

Yoongi rolls his eyes. Jeongguk flops onto his back, Yoongi's hand coming to rest on his stomach. "Come in."

The first thing Jeongguk sees as the door inches open is Taehyung's head peering round the edge, grinning like a madman. He makes a small excited noise before Jimin's shoving him playfully into the room, the smirk on his face as deep as Taehyung's grin is wide. Jeongguk can't help but notice that they're wearing each other's t shirts.

"Oh, thank god. We thought you'd been abducted," Yoongi says dryly, his expression deadpan.

"Yeah, seems like you were really worried about us," Jimin drawls, taking in the crumpled bedcovers, the discarded bottle of lube, and their naked forms. Jeongguk wonders when he lost all sense of self consciousness around them. Taehyung bounds over to the bed, sitting on the edge next to Jeongguk. He ruffles his hair and smiles down warmly at him. Jeongguk returns it easily.

"Had to do something to distract from the worry," Yoongi quips.

"So long as it wasn't just sitting there smiling at each other," Jimin teases, scrunching up his nose. "You two do enough of that already."

Jeongguk's cheeks flush at Jimin's words, the heat only burning deeper when Taehyung continues.

"Ah, it sounded like a lot more than smiling, Jiminie," he grins.

Jimin moves to sit on the bed cross-legged next to Yoongi. The oversized shirt of Taehyung's that he's wearing slips down his shoulder a bit, a dark purple mark on his collarbone - no doubt the result of Taehyung's ministrations - edging into view for a moment. If Yoongi's embarrassed by the pair's comments, then he doesn't let on when he speaks.

"I'm starting to wish you had been abducted," he says, making Jimin laugh.

"So rude, hyung," Jimin grins, pinching Yoongi's thigh.

"So," Taehyung says pointedly, clearly trying to move the conversation on. "What's the deal here?" His index fingers points back and forth between Jeongguk and Yoongi.

The two of them glance awkwardly at each other before Jeongguk decides to answer. "Well, we think that maybe we'd like to only do this stuff, you know, with each other from now on," he says hesitantly, looking at Yoongi for confirmation as he speaks. Yoongi nods and gives him a reassuring smile.

"Shocking," Taehyung says in a voice that couldn't sound less shocked if he tried. "Well, I'm pretty sure me and Jimin are okay with that."

"Yeah, definitely," Jimin adds. He looks at them both, the teasing smirk replaced with a warm, genuine smile, and not for the first time Jeongguk feels so lucky to have friends like Taehyung and Jimin. "You guys make a cute couple."

Jimin's comment gets the pair of them spluttering, the term *couple* seeming like something of a leap from the *seeing where things go* mentality that they both have. Though there is a tiny part of Jeongguk that doesn't entirely hate how it sounds. One step at a time however; just knowing that he and Yoongi will be spending more time alone together is enough for now. And Jeongguk would really appreciate if these fucking butterflies in his stomach could leave him in peace for a moment.

"Seriously?" Taehyung sighs at their reaction. Jeongguk imagines that for people as open as Jimin and Taehyung are, his and Yoongi's closed off awkwardness must be pretty painful to witness. Though he thinks they should be used to it by now. Taehyung shakes his head. "Whatever. At least our plan kind of worked."

"I'd hardly call leaving the two of us in a room together much of a plan," Yoongi retorts, his eyebrow arched.

"Hey now, no insulting the plan," Jimin replies. Yoongi hums, seemingly unconvinced, but says no more. "Anyway, we hadn't actually meant to intrude so much, only we just got a text from Namjoon saying that he's going to be at the studio 'til around midnight so, you know. We just wanted to let you know. Do with that what you will."

"Thanks for the update," Jeongguk grins, catching Yoongi's eye briefly,

both of them very aware of the empty room they will now have for a few hours longer.

"Oh yeah, and also to let you know that the shower will be occupied for a while," Jimin adds, squeezing Yoongi's thigh affectionately before standing up.

"Will it?" Taehyung says, confused, until realisation seems to dawn on him and then he's abruptly standing up too.

"Noted," Yoongi says, the corners of his lips twitching into a smile,

"Catch you later then," Taehyung says brightly.

He leans down, pressing a friendly kiss to Jeongguk's cheek before heading over to Jimin, taking hold of his wrist and near enough dragging him out of the room. Jimin gives them a small wave before he closes the door behind him. Jeongguk can hear their laughter, light and playful, growing more distant as they head towards the bathroom.

And then it's just him and Yoongi, in all senses of the phrase.

Jeongguk turns over onto his side, facing Yoongi. Yoongi smiles at him; shy, excited, with a flicker of something deeper in his eyes. Jeongguk breathes deeply and shifts closer to him, Yoongi's hand settling on his waist.

"So," Yoongi says.

"So," Jeongguk repeats.

There's a short pause. "Namjoon's not back until midnight, huh?"

Jeongguk allows the grin he's trying to hold back to spread across his face, seeing it reflected back at him by Yoongi. He lifts his hand to brush Yoongi's hair from his eyes. Yoongi's grin fades into a softer, more tender smile. He holds Jeongguk's gaze for a few moments longer before leaning in, capturing his lips in a gentle kiss that feels so familiar but like the start of something new. Something more.

Jeongguk kisses back.

End Notes

Thank you so much to everyone who commented on the first two fics - I was truly overwhelmed by the feedback I received and it means such a great deal to me.

I really hope that you enjoyed this fic. I had a lot of fun writing it (seriously, my life is entirely Bangtan-based haha). I may do a follow up series to this at some point focused on SugaKookie :)

As always, your comments are always welcome and really appreciated <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!